

E 98

.F6 B89

Copy 1

INDIAN STORY HOUR



RILMA MARION BROWNE



Class E 98

Book F6 B89

Copyright N^o

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.



From a painting by Frank Holland

THE LITTLE BIRD CAME AND SANG TO WINONA.

INDIAN STORY HOUR

BY
RILMA MARION BROWNE

Illustrated by Frank Holland



MANCHESTER, N. H.
STANDARD BOOK COMPANY
1920

E98
F6 B89

Copyright by RILMA M. BROWNE, 1920

RECEIVED

SEP 11 1921

OCT 31 1921

JOHN B. CLARKE CO.
Printers
Manchester, N. H.

JAN -3 1921

©CLARKE 5248

no. 1.

1261
June 1971
SHE 10 1971

CONTENTS

The Indian Story Hour.....	7
Glooscap, the Giant	9
Sehunk's Magic Hatchet	13
How the Rabbit Lost His Tail	16
The Gift of the Fairy Maid.....	22
The Boy's Lost Tear	26
The Moose and the Fly.....	29
The Tree that Never Laughs	32
The Chief's Dream.....	36
The Warrior Who Became a Tree.....	40
The Chipmunk's Black Stripe.....	43
Lox and the Bear	45
How Lox Played with Fire.....	49
The Star Maid Who Became a Lily.....	54
Why the Call of the Loon is Sad.....	58
The Star of the North.....	61
First Maple Sugar	66
The Boy Who Became a Wolf.....	69
The Bird Girl.....	76
What His Vanity Cost the Crow.....	82

The Rabbit's Queer Errand.....	87
A Strange Game of Ball.....	93
The Boy Scout.....	97
The Wind King.....	104
The Fairy Slippers	108
The Great Stone Face	114
Wasawa's Snow Shoes.....	121

INDIAN STORY HOUR

The Indian Story Hour

At the close of Day, when Night draws her curtain over all, and "pins it with a star," comes the Story Hour. How delightful then to sit at grandmother's knee and listen to her wonder stories. She never seems to tire of telling them. What wonderful things she has seen! What a wonderful life she has lived! How we envy her and wish that we might do something just as wonderful.

Did you ever stop to think that others have their Story Hours, just as we do? It is so. And the most wonderful of these was the Indian Story Hour. It came at the same time as ours, between the daylight and darkness. The Story Tellers were the old women—the grandmothers of the simple race; and the stories they told were tales of wonderful things, listened to with awe by these children of Nature.

And if you will come, hand in hand, with me to one of these family circles in the days of long ago, you may hear stranger stories than your grandmother ever dreamed of. Lo! An old, old woman is telling them, and she is seated before an open fireplace in the wildwood. The listeners are the old men as well as the chil-

dren of the tribe; aye, the warriors and chiefs, too! No one listens more closely than the big chief with the eagle plume. So you see we are in good company.

They did not read from books, as we do, but listened to the tales of the old Story Tellers of the tribe. So you see they were precious stories to them and were told from age to age, since when even the Story Teller herself could not tell. She knew they were true, for her grandmother had told them to her when she was a child. I tell these stories as nearly in her words as I can. Listen!

Glooscap, the Giant

The Indian Grandmother sat before the fire. She was a great Story Teller. The children believed every word she told them. The wilder the story, the better they liked it. This is what she told the first Story Hour.

The home of the Micmacs was on the Rocking Shore. All men were giants then. The animals were wiser than the men. So you see it was a Day of Wonders. The seas, lands and skies were peopled with gods and demi-gods. The biggest of these lived along the Rocking Shore. The wisest of these lived there. This was their battle-ground. So you can see it was a Wonder Land.

The god of the Micmacs was Glooscap. He was at times a giant. When he stood up his head touched the stars! He could make himself small if he wished. He was a great warrior in time of war. He was a home-maker in time of peace. He was the greatest of the gods.

NOTE.—The scene of this story is laid along the shore of Minas Basin and the Bay of Fundy. This section of seacoast is strewn with boulders, overtopped by that huge pillar of stone, Blomidon. The tide dashes against the land with such terrific power that the Indians claimed it rocked the shore. Hence the name, Rocking Shore.

When he wished to do good he became a man. He was then just a common giant. If he wished to punish evil-doers, he changed to his biggest form.

Men were living in the caverns of the earth before Glooscap came. They had not found light. Glooscap told them to come forth. And they did, one after another, and were pleased.

Glooscap taught them how to build wigwams. He taught them how to make canoes, and weapons of war. He showed them how to catch fish. He told them which of the birds, animals and fish were good to eat. He told them which of the roots, herbs and plants were good medicine.

There were many lesser gods. Some of them were good gods. Some of them were evil gods. So they had lively times among themselves. Often they called upon Glooscap to settle their quarrels.

Glooscap called around him the creatures of the forest, both large and small. He gave them all a name. He asked them what they would do if they should meet a man. One after another said he would run. Glooscap laughed. He said, "I am not afraid of man. So I am your King."

This pleased the animals.

He lived far off, but was always near if the

Micmacs wanted him. He helped them when they were in trouble. He was glad when they were happy.

He sent animals into the woods to be game for the men. He filled the waters with fish. He scattered birds over the sky. And he ruled over the animals as he did over the men.

He talked to the animals as he did to the men. They understood and talked with him. They also talked among themselves. And everyone was happy.

Glooscap was a great hunter. To help run down the game he had wonderful Dogs. These Dogs were as fast as the wind. But their foot-steps gave back no sound. They were the biggest creatures on earth. You will be surprised when I tell you they were Squirrels. The Squirrel was a large animal then. But Glooscap had the power to make them small. He would take one in his hand, smooth it a bit, then it would be no larger than the Squirrel that we know. Glooscap was a great musician. There was nothing he could not do.

So Glooscap and his wonderful Dogs came and went as they chose. Those were happy Days for the Red Men. They were happy Days for the animals. By and by a shadow fell across their path. It was the shadow of the Pale-Face.

Glooscap, all-wise, knew the Palefaces were coming. So he called his Dogs around him. He called each one by name. He told them the Days of the Red Men were over. No more would they be allowed to hunt the panting Deer. Never again would they follow the wary Fox. Nor would they ever run down the Wolf. The thunder of the Pale-Face would end the chase. Then he said:

"I am going away. But I will come again. When I come we will have a merry race. The woods will ring with your shouts. The sky will echo the twang of my bow. Sleep till then. It will be well. I will watch over you."

Then he moved his Magic Wand over them. In the twinkling of an eye all were changed into stones. There they lie now, scattered along the Rocking Shore.

For a long time the Red Men and the animals have watched and waited for Glooscap to come back. He may come yet. But the Stone Dogs lying so still along the Rocking Shore are losing their shapes. The Red Men are losing their faith. Why does not Glooscap keep his promise? He is all-wise. He alone can answer.

Sehunk's Magic Hatchet

Many moons ago the daughters of men wed with the gods. This made them wise. But this did not make them better. They became very vain.

So the men grew wiser and greater. The animals did not like this. They wanted to be greater. The Moose said he must be King. The Bear said he should be King. So one after another wanted to rule.

Now the Great Spirit wanted to teach His children a lesson. He sent a big storm of wind and rain on the Earth. What a storm! The valleys became great rivers. The land became seas.

The people had to stay in their canoes to keep from drowning. Many of the canoes were lost in the flood. The animals who could not swim were drowned.

Now there was one man water did not harm. This was Sehunk. He was not a boaster. He and his Squaw lived by themselves. His canoe kept afloat while the others went down.

NOTE.—This is one of several stories the Indians told of a great flood that visited the earth to punish men for their wickedness.

"Save us, Sehunk!" cried the others.

But Sehunk could not save them. They had quarreled with each other. That is why this storm had come to punish them.

"Save me, Sehunk!" cried the Bear. "I never harmed you."

"Save me, Sehunk!" begged the Wolf.

"Save me, Sehunk!" begged the Fox.

But still Sehunk could not save them. The storm lasted a long time. When it was over Sehunk and his Squaw were all alone on the big sea. After a long time his canoe began to leak. He saw a little island. It was the top of a high mountain.

He went towards the island. There were animals upon it. He sent his Squaw to see if it would be safe to land.

When they saw the woman they all crept back. Sehunk stepped on the land. The water began to run away. He could see the heads of other mountains.

That night Sehunk had a strange dream. He thought he was ruler over all the land. But when he awoke he heard the animals talking. They wanted to overcome him. The Great Spirit whispered to him:

"Hit the rock with your hatchet!"

Sehunk did. There was a loud noise among the animals. He found that they each spoke a different language. A moment before they all

talked alike. Now they could not talk together.

The animals were very angry. They wanted to kill Sehunk. Sehunk trembled. There were many animals.

The Moose was at the head of the animals. He looked very fierce. If he killed Sehunk then he would be King. When the Moose came near him, Sehunk struck at him with his hatchet. He did not hit the Moose at all! The hatchet went flying into the air. It broke into a thousand pieces. Wherever one fell everything was changed.

The Moose was made smaller. He was made as we see him now. So was the Bear, the Wolf, the Fox, the Squirrel, and all the other animals. Stranger still, each spoke a language of his own. They could no longer talk with each other. They were scattered to all parts of the Earth.

Sehunk was safe. He and his Squaw made their wigwam there. From these two came the people of the woods and plains.

How the Rabbit Lost His Tail

I am going to tell you, children, of the time when there was no fire.

Grandmother pulled her faded shawl about her.

Once the animals were higher than men. But they had to sit all night and shiver. They had no fire. The rocks split and the trees snapped with the cold.

"It is too bad," said the Fox. His teeth chattered as he spoke.

"The Eagles have fire," said the big, horned Owl.

"Little good it will do us," growled the Wolf. "Who can climb to his house? It is high up on the mountain."

"I can," chirped the Red Squirrel. "I can climb as high as the Eagle can find a nesting-place. Give me but a tiny twig for my feet to cling to. I can climb to the sky!"

Little Red was a great boaster. They did not pay any attention to what he said.

"The Eagle is too stingy to give us any-

NOTE.—It was a belief among the Indians that in some remote period there was no warmth in the world save that which came from the Sun. This is but one of several legends to account for the possession of fire.

thing," said the Bear. "That is not my way. I have shared my dinner with him many times."

"I can get the fire," chirped Little Red.

"How?" asked all the animals.

"Let me think," said the Squirrel.

Away he skipped through the tree-tops, chattering merrily.

While he was gone the animals huddled close together. They were very cold.

"I have it!" said the Squirrel, coming back from his trip.

"The fire?" asked the others. The Jay pulled his head out from under his wing to listen.

"No. How could I get fire on such a short trip? But I have thought of a plan."

"Listen, listen!" cried all. "Hear what the wise little Squirrel has to say."

Little Red knew the others were making fun of him. He did not care.

"Let's have a big party," he said. "We will invite the Eagles. I will go and ask them to come."

They were all pleased. The Squirrel put on his best little coat. He buttoned it up about his throat. He put his new ear lappets on and started. It was a long, cold trip. He went to the very top of the mountain.

"I never saw such a fool as the Eagle is," said Little Red. He often talked to himself. "Why should anybody build his house on such a high place? He needs a fire here."

Little Red hurried on. He chattered to himself all the way.

"The Eagle doesn't want anyone else to have fire. He is very selfish. Once he had a fine plume on his head. One day he stuck it in the fire. It was burned off. Now he must always have a bald head."

At last he reached the Eagles' nest. He tried to look very wise. He did not knock at the door. The Eagles were frightened at first. Then they were angry. Little Red did not care. He talked very funny. Soon the Eagles began to laugh.

Little Red knew that his plan was working all right. He told the Eagles how wise they were. And what a fine view they had from their high home. He talked till the Eagles became sleepy. Then he told them of the great party the animals were going to have.

"We are having this party for you," he said. "You must come."

The Eagles were very much pleased and said they would surely be at the party.

"It is very warm here," Little Red said. "But in the valley it is cold. You will shiver there if you do not bring some of your fire with you."

The Eagles promised to take some coals of fire with them. But they must carry all of it away when the party was over.

Little Red did not mind this.

"Let me get them there," he said to himself. "I will see that they do not take all the fire back with them."

So the party was given. The Eagles were there with their fire. Sure enough, it was nice and warm. They had the best of food. All were very happy.

Now, while the Eagles were talking to the other animals, Little Red hurried to find Master Rabbit.

Master Rabbit was the great Mischief Maker. He was always getting someone in trouble. Sometimes it was himself.

Now the Rabbit had a very fine tail. It was long and bushy. He was very proud of it. It kept him warm on long, cold nights. It was so large he could wrap himself up in it.

"If I only had such a long, fine tail as you," said Little Red, "I should be very happy. I would be the happiest animal in the whole world."

The Rabbit gave his tail a shake. He said nothing. But he liked what Little Red had said. Little Red knew it.

"I have an idea!" said Little Red.

Master Rabbit perked up his ears to listen.

"Isn't it too bad the Eagles are going to take all their fire back with them?" asked Little Red.

Master Rabbit might have thought so. But

he did not say anything. He had not been very cold anyway. His thick tail had kept him warm.

Little Red did not like it because Master Rabbit had not asked him what his idea was.

"The Eagles must be made to leave some of their fire with us," he said. "I will tell you how it can be done. You are the one to do it."

Master Rabbit was pleased. But before he could do much thinking Little Red said:

"We will wait till the party is over. You must be sitting near one of the buckets of fire. Keep still till one of the Eagles comes to take the fire away.

"Then look frightened. Give your tail a whisk. Let it fall into the fire. Then give your tail a smart switch. It will send the fire flying all about. Some of it the Eagles will not find. I am certain of this. You will be chosen Chief at our next election. What a beautiful tail!"

The Rabbit was always planning to play some trick on someone else. But he never thought the innocent Little Red had any prank to play on him. Still he knew Little Red was a rogue. But Little Red looked very innocent then.

* * * * *

Now the party was over. The Eagles were getting ready to go home. Master Rabbit was

sitting by one of the buckets of fire. He saw the Eagles coming to get it. He gave his bushy tail a swish.

It swung right into the bucket. He did not think of its catching fire. Poor Bunny! It seemed as if all the bees in the forest had stung him. He cried with pain. He switched his tail in the air. The sparks flew far and wide.

He could not shake the fire off. He ran through the woods as fast as he could. At every leap the fire flew all about him. Oh, how it stung! What should he do?

He did not stop till he had reached a brook. He jumped in. The water put out the fire. But alas! his bushy tail was gone. Only a stub remained. How unhappy poor Master Rabbit was!

The Eagles had gone off in a huff. They could not gather up all of their fire.

"See!" cried Little Red, "all of the animals have got fire. They can keep warm now. You can thank me for that."

"Look at poor me!" whined the Rabbit. "Where has my beautiful tail gone?"

"To help keep the fire. It made a beautiful brush," added mischievous Red.

So no Rabbit has had a tail since that day. You will see if you have a Rabbit of your own that he has only a little stub tail. But you know now it was lost in a good cause.

The Gift of the Fairy Maid

An Old Man dwelt alone in a snow hut. He must have been very old, for his beard reached down to his knees. His eyes were very small. They shone like balls of fire under his beetling eyebrows. But his eyes were the only bright things about him. When he breathed, his breath was like hoar frost. He was kept half of the time knocking icicles from his long white beard.

When he was not doing that, he was kept busy bringing wood from the forest to throw upon the fire that scolded and sputtered because it had to work so hard to keep his wigwam warm.

Now he had grown weak and feeble. Wood had become scarce. He shivered with the cold. In the days of his youth he had laughed at the North Wind when it wound about his lodge a white sheet of snow.

He returned from the far woods with his armful of fagots. He found that while he had been gone the Storm King had built a high wall of snow before his door. He threw down his

NOTE—In this beautiful Indian fancy the Old Man is Winter, while the Fairy Maid from the South Land is Spring. Hence her first gift to man was the Arbutus, the favorite flower of spring-time.

sticks of green wood. He staggered into his hut, crying in despair:

"O, Maniteau! have pity on a poor old man freezing to death!"

He had barely spoken when a breath of warm air came in at the open door. His benumbed limbs felt new life.

Looking up, he saw a beautiful maiden standing by the door. He knew she was a Fairy of the Forest, by her dress and the flowers in her sunny hair. Her moccasins had fringes of ferns and sweet-smelling flowers.

"Did you call me?" she asked. As she spoke, the fragrance of her breath filled the wigwam.

"I am cold," he replied, and he shivered till his teeth chattered. "I feel the cold more since you have come," he added.

"It is because you are not used to my ways," she said, gently. "I am from the sunny South Land. You will like me better when I have been here a little while. See! the icicles are falling from your beard."

She had spoken the truth. The frost was melting all about him. It ran down into his moccasins.

He saw, also, that the snow was fast running away from his door in little brooks of water.

She smiled, as if enjoying his surprise. He was pleased to find that he no longer shivered

with the cold. But he was too proud to let her know it, so he said as gruffly as he could:

"I am King in the North Land, where lies my home. The North Wind is my Chariot. I ride where it listeth. The Storm Hosts are my warriors. They fight my battles for me."

"I am Queen of the South Land," she replied, "and the South Wind is my messenger. She carries on her wings the good news of my coming to all who want me."

Strange to say, as he grew warmer he grew weaker. He knew she was taking away his boasted strength. But he rallied to exclaim:

"I am mighty! With my breath I brush the leaves from the trees! I spread a white mantle of snow over the earth it cannot shake off! I cover with roofs of ice the waters, and they are put to sleep. I am a mighty King. I laugh in the face of the South Wind and bind her wings in icy fetters!"

She smiled sweetly. When she spoke again it was in a tone of pity rather than anger:

"I have long admired your strength, Old Man. But it is fast leaving you. I will give back, with new beauty, the leaves you took from the trees. I will wash the earth with the snow you spread over it. My breath will crumble the ice-roofs you raised over the rivers. They will waken from their long sleep. So I am greater than you. In my work I bring joy, while you give pain."

The Old Man nodded, but he did not speak again.

The twittering of a bird was heard outside the cabin:

"Water! give me water," it said.

Up from the river, which was now running merrily, came the glad welcome:

"I am free! Come and drink."

Now the Maiden saw that only a bunch of dry leaves was left of the Old Man!

These leaves she took in her arms. She tenderly laid them down outside the wigwam. Then she knelt beside them, and took a handful of pink and white blossoms from her bosom.

While doing this the Maiden whispered softly: "O precious Flower! I give to thee my sweetest breath. All that is good and beautiful of me I give to thee. As I endow thee upon my bended knee, so must all kneel who would have thee."

The birds sang gleefully as she rose to her feet. Wherever the foot of this Fairy Maid, whose name was Spring, touched the earth clusters of *Arbutus* sprang up, to make us happy with their beauty and fragrance.

The Boy's Lost Tear

Wabanuit was his mother's favorite. She was very proud of him. He had two big brothers. When he was ten years old his mother made him a beautiful beaver-skin robe. His brothers did not like this. They would not let him go on the Fall Hunt with them. They said he was too small.

This made him feel very sad. He went off by himself in the woods to cry. He took his fine beaver robe with him. He laid down in the forest. He wrapped his robe about him.

He was very comfortable. He soon fell asleep. By and by the Sun looked down upon him. To punish him for his foolishness, she burned a hole in the robe. The heat curled the edges. It made the robe much smaller. It would not cover him.

The hot rays of the Sun awoke Wabanuit and he cried:

"O Sun! why do you burn me so?"

"To punish you for your foolishness."

"See! You have burned a hole in my new robe! You have spoiled my robe mother made for me!"

The Sun smiled, but said nothing.

"Why do you punish me so? I have done nothing to you."

The Sun smiled again, but did not speak.

Wabanuit gathered up his bow and arrows. He went back to his mother's wigwam. He laid down in a dark corner to cry as he had never cried before.

His sister heard him. She asked him why he was crying.

"My big brothers won't let me hunt with them," he sobbed.

"That is not worth crying for," she answered. "Soon you will be big. Then you can hunt all by yourself."

"The Sun laughed at me when I spoke to her."

"No, brother; that is the way she speaks kindly to you."

"See, she burned a hole in my beaver robe. She has ruined it."

He held up the robe. She saw where it had been burned.

"That is nothing," said his sister. "You can easily mend it."

"How?" he asked.

"Gather up all the tears you have shed. Bind them in the robe. Then wrap the robe about you, as you did before. Lie down in the same place. When the dew falls, that and your tears will make the robe as it was before."

Wabanuit was pleased. It was all very simple. He promised his sister to be very careful.

He looked for his tears. There was one he could not find. He must have it or the hole would not all be filled.

He could not find it. So he laid down, as his sister told him.

When he awoke he found his robe as large as it had ever been. The hole was not there. But there was a tiny place where the lost tear belonged. The Sun kept behind a cloud. She was ashamed of what she had done.

His sister laughed when she saw the robe. She saw the place where the tear was missing.

"Let that ever be a lesson to you. Do not cry over what cannot be helped. You will be the wisest man in the tribe."

Her words proved true. He became a great chief. He ruled long and wisely over his people.



From a drawing by Frank Holland

THE MOOSE TOSSED HIGH HIS HEAD AND ROARED
WITH RAGE.

The Moose and the Fly

There was a time when there were no hills. The rivers flowed smoothly. There were no waterfalls in them. It was very quiet in those days. The animals talked with each other.

The biggest of all the animals was the Moose. The other animals were all afraid of him. Will you believe it when I tell you that one man standing on another man's shoulders could not look over the Moose's back?

One day the Moose came to the river to drink. He was very thirsty. He had come a long way. So the water tasted good to him. He drank and drank.

Now the Moose was so large that none of the other animals dared to ask him to stop.

Old Mister Beaver was at work making a dam. His boys were helping him. The Moose was drinking up all the water Mister Beaver needed to fill his pond.

"Look!" shouted Sammy. "It is the big Moose. He is drinking the river dry!"

Mister Beaver looked. Sure enough, the

NOTE—This story accounts for the Indian idea of the origin of waterfalls in rivers. It probably refers to the Merrimack, which name comes from the Indian term Merru-asquam-ack, meaning "place of swift water." Previously it had been known as Kas-kon-sha-di, i. e., "broken waters."

greedy old Moose was drinking up the big pond he had made.

"Run, Sammy, and tell old Bruin, the Bear. Ask him to speak to the Moose."

"You, Tommy, run to the Wolf. Harry, you go to the Fox. Hurry, or the water will be all gone."

So they told the other animals. The animals said they did not care. But the truth was, they were afraid to ask the Moose to stop drinking. They made all kinds of excuses. One said he was too busy. Another said he was too sleepy. Still another said he had to go away. The poor Beaver did not know what to do.

Now the poor fish became frightened. He was drinking up their home. Something must be done. Who should do it?

At last one big Trout called to a little Fly.

"Little Fly, go quickly and light on that Moose. He is drinking up all the water. Bite him as hard as you can."

"I am not afraid of any Moose," said the Fly. "Nothing would suit me any better than a bite under his shoulder. I'll see that he doesn't drink all the water."

So the little Fly went to the Moose. He lighted on the Moose's shoulder. He bit and bit. The Moose tried to shake him off. But the Fly hung on. The Moose shook his great body again. But he could not stop the Fly.

"Stop!" he thundered. "Stop, or I will crush you under my hoof."

This only pleased the Fly. He dug deeper and deeper. The Moose became more angry. He could not stand it any longer. He tossed high his head. He stamped the ground.

A great change took place. Do you remember how smoothly the river had run? Now it was broken into many pieces! The water dashed over great rocks. It ran so fast the Moose could not catch it. Since then the rivers have waterfalls. The fish have not been afraid that their homes would be swallowed up by some thirsty monster. The Beaver builds his dam without fear.

The Tree that Never Laughs

Little Innegola loved to roam about in the forest, all by herself. She played simple games in the great out-of-doors. Often when her mother sent her on errands she played by the wayside. Her mother had to scold her for this.

One day her mother sent her to gather some herbs. She told her not to stop on the way. It would soon be dark.

So Innegola promised her mother not to be gone too long. She started on her errand very happy. The Day was nice. She saw many pretty things to keep her. How the time flew!

She just had to stop to pick some wild-flowers. They seemed to beckon to her. The tiniest little Chipmunk ran across her path. He came so near she had to chase him! There were ever so many ferns and flowers to throw into the brook. She watched the running water carry them away. The birds were calling to her. She stopped to see them flit from tree to tree. She listened to their newest songs. Oh, it was delightful!

All these took up her time. It was growing

NOTE—It was a belief among the Red Men that the trees talked among themselves, and while they chattered their nonsense, they laughed with glee if it pleased them. The Oak was especially light-hearted until the incident in this story took place.

dark in the woods before she had gathered the herbs.

"Here I am at the big old Oak. I will stop to pick a handful of Acorns. Then I will run all the way home."

The old Oak had always been very kind to her. She loved to play under his sheltering arms. Sometimes he told her stories. He laughed with her when she was pleased.

So she picked the Acorns and still tarried, saying:

"I can get home before the Moon rises. Mother will not care—very much."

It grew dark under the Oak. She could no longer see to pick the Acorns. She started to weave a rope of leaves. A voice from among the branches of the tree said to her:

"You had better go back to your mother!"

She was a little frightened at first. She looked all about her. She could see no one.

"It was only my idle ears trying to frighten me," she mused, and kept on with her work.

"You had better go back to your mother! You had better go back to your mother!" repeated the strange voice.

She was not mistaken this time. It was the Oak speaking.

"I am going very soon," snapped Innegola.

"Your poor mother is looking for you. You had better go now."

Innegola did not mean to disobey her mother. She was only thoughtless.

"Go! go now!" commanded the Oak, in a stern tone.

"I will go as soon as I get ready, you hateful old Tree. I won't be told by you."

Innegola soon gathered her herbs into a bundle. She looked up into the home of the Oak children. She gave the kind old tree a kick, saying:

"Take that, you hateful old meddler!"

The old Oak shook to the leafy cap upon his head. He was very angry. Before Innegola had walked beyond the widest spreading branch she stopped. She was quickly changed into an herb. It was the same kind she had been gathering.

The old Oak was sorry for what he had done. It is easier to do a wrong thing than it is to undo it. He had really loved the child. Now he had lost her.

But he told the Chipmunk what he had done. The Oak begged the Chipmunk to go to her weeping mother and tell her to put all the herbs Innegola had found into a deep vessel. Then she must gather all the water that had washed away the ferns Innegola had tossed into the brook. Then pour it into a vessel. After this she must build a fire of witch hazel branches. While the herbs were brewing she must chant the songs Innegola loved best.

It was very dark when the Chipmunk brought the word. So her mother could not find all of the herbs. The water had run far since Innegola had played on the bank of the brook. It was very late before the fire had begun to make the pot boil.

Everything was against her. To make matters worse, when little Innegola was changed back to her own self, she was a woman grown.

So little Innegola lost the best years of her life. The old Oak felt so bad that he has never laughed since.

The Chief's Dream

In the long ago men were few. They lived far apart. They ate nuts, barks and roots. They did not talk much with each other. So they became very sullen.

One of them began to dream of better things. When he slept in his wigwam he saw many strange sights. He saw a wondrous maiden. She had long yellow hair. Her step was very light.

This dream seemed very real. One morning he found the Maid of his dreams standing beside him when he awoke. He could not believe his eyes. He thought he was still dreaming. But he knew he was not when she spoke to him.

"I am the life of your dreams. Tell me what you want most."

"I am lonely here," he said. "Stay with me so that I may have somebody to talk to."

"No, I cannot do that. What else would you wish?"

"Food and warmth," he said.

"But you have nuts and barks of many kinds," she said. "When you move about, you are warm."

"Now you mock me!" he cried. "The Maid of my dreams never told me that."

"Sleep tonight," she said. "If you dream the same again, I will come tomorrow to hear your wish."

He slept again. He dreamed. He saw the beautiful Maid with the blue eyes and yellow hair.

The next Day she came, as she had promised. She listened kindly to his three wishes. He wished to have her stay with him. He wished for warmth and food.

She shook her head, saying:

"It cannot be—not yet. Sleep and dream again tonight."

With these words she went away. In his dream he saw the Maid. He talked with her. She smiled upon him. He wished again. But she shook her head and said:

"No, it cannot be—not yet. Sleep once more. If you do not dream I will never come again. If you do, I will stay with you always."

"Stay now, beautiful Maid," he said. "I fear I shall not dream tonight. And if I do not, I shall never see you again."

She shook her head again. She went away.

He laid down once more. He could not sleep. He seemed to see her everywhere. Towards morning he fell asleep. He dreamed. When he opened his eyes she stood beside him.

"You have dreamed of me again?" she asked.

"Yes," he said. "And you will stay with me always?"

"Yes," she answered. "If you will do one thing."

"Name it," he said. "There is nothing I would not do."

"Come with me. I will give you food and warmth. I will stay with you always."

He was very happy. He followed her to a patch of dry yet grassy land.

"Find two splinters of wood and bring them to me," she said.

He did this. She told him to rub them together. He did this. The pieces of wood grew warm. A spark flew out. A tiny flame leaped from the sticks. The fire fell to the ground. It began to burn the grass.

The warrior was surprised. He watched the fire spread. It covered all of the grassy plot. It left a black blanket over it.

The fire had given the Red Man warmth. That was one wish the Maid had given him.

"I have kept one promise," she said. "Now you must help me keep the others."

She looked more beautiful than she had before.

"Anything, fair Maid," he said.

"The Sun will soon set. The Night will put on her Robe of Darkness. Then you must take me by my long, yellow hair. Drag me over the ground, back and forth, everywhere on the ground that was burned by the fire you

made. Where my body touches a plant will come into life. There shall be a lock of my yellow hair on it. This will show I have not forgotten you."

He did not want to do this. But he dared not refuse. So he did as she said. The most beautiful grass he had ever seen sprang up. It was green and had wide leaves. When the Autumn came there were bars of golden fruit on it. Now he had the food he had wished for. And there he found the little tuft of yellow hair that the Maiden had said he would find. He knew the Maid was near him. So he was not lonesome. Do you know what kind of a plant it was? It was Indian Corn.

The long Winter nights came. He sat by the fire. She had taught him how to make it. He knew again she was with him. And he was not lonesome. His three wishes had come true.

The Warrior Who Became a Tree

Coas was a great warrior. He was the tallest and bravest young man in his tribe. He was proud of his great strength. This did not suit his companions. They disliked him very much, more so because he could do everything he said he could do. There was never a chase he did not lead. No pole was strung with more scalp locks than his. There was no young man who stood in such high favor with the girls of the tribe as Coas did. And so the others became very bitter towards him. They disliked him so much that they wanted to think of some plan to get him out of the way.

They tried many times, but failed to get the best of him. Their excuse for not doing so was that he was a mighty hunter and the forest loved and protected him. At last they decided to go to the Medicine Men for advice.

NOTE—The Indian belief that every tree and shrub sprang from human love and were endowed with all the attributes of a human being is verified in the following legend of the origin of the pine. In the early days of the world there were no great trees such as we look upon, but forests of smaller dimensions flourished, and it was believed nothing could be improved upon the plants and trees that covered the barren places of the earth as well as the rich valleys and the hillsides. But one by one these came, and the first among these was the pine. Its origin is explained as the above story narrates.

Now it proved that the Medicine Men did not like Coas. So they were ready to help in the plans.

"Only get him into the open country," said one of the wisest men. "Then I can change him into any shape you may say."

This pleased the others. They asked that Coas be changed into a bush, far out on the plain, where he could see others 'go by but could not take part in any of their sports.

So a race was planned. They were to run across the plain, which was too poor to bear anything except a few running blackberry vines.

They invited Coas to join. He was very pleased to do so. He did not think, of course, that the others were plotting against him. He would be sure to win the race.

When the time came for the race there were over a hundred there to see who should win. Coas, as was expected, quickly led. He ran very fast, leaving the others far behind. But when he was about midway of the plain, the Old Medicine Man began to clap his hands and shout:

"A bush—a bush!"

And lo! The mighty warrior stopped short in his flight and looked back. The spell of the forest was broken. The Old Medicine Man clapped his hands louder than before in his glee.

He had stopped Coas in his race, but he could do no more. Instead of the bush he had expected to see in the barren plain rose a tree like a giant above the rocks. Nobody had ever seen one of its kind before.

Its mighty form was clothed in a dark green vestment. It was not like the birch or elm or any other tree growing on earth. All who had come to watch the race looked on in wonder. The strange tree lifted its green-crested crown higher and higher until it reached nearly to the sky.

The mighty Coas was changed to a Pine. There he stood for years and years on the plain. But the plain was not barren now. Many more Pines sprung up to keep Coas company, so he was not lonely. The hunter rested under his dark shadows at mid-day. At eventide lovers delighted to sit beneath his sheltering arms. He heard many strange tales told by those who did not know they had a listener. All these he locked within his bosom and none were the wiser.

This is how we happen to have the Pine tree. When you see one of these big trees and seem to hear a murmuring as it sways to and fro, remember the spirit of the mighty warrior, Coas, is near you.

The Chipmunk's Black Stripe

Once the Porcupine was chosen ruler of the animals. A great question was before these people to decide. Some wanted it to be always dark. Some wanted it to be always light. Which should it be? All Day, or should it be Night all the time? To settle this question, the new King called them together. To be perfectly fair to all, the Porcupine called this meeting on the full of the Moon.

Certain animals asked that it be Night all the time. Among these was the Bear. He went about growling:

"Night is best! Night is best!"

Other animals wanted the Sun to shine by Night as well as by Day.

Among these was the Moose. So he went about calling in his deep bass voice:

"The Day is best! The Day is best!"

Others wanted it just as it was. They wanted the Sun to shine by Day and the Moon to shine by Night, when he was not too busy!"

Among these was the Chipmunk. He liked the Day for his merry pranks. He liked the Nights for his naps. So he went about singing cheerily:

"The light will follow the dark! The light will follow the dark!"

The lively little Chipmunk sang this ditty until, behold! the rosy face of the Sun peeped over the rim of the hills!

Then the others saw that the Chipmunk had won. This made those who wanted it to be Night all the time very angry.

The Bear was so angry he gave chase to the Chipmunk. This nimble little fellow ran so fast that he reached his home in the hollow tree before the Bear could catch him. But just as he was darting into his hole, the Bear struck him with his huge paw. This came so near it grazed the back of the Chipmunk. The foot of the Bear left a black streak on the back of the Chipmunk. And every Chipmunk since has carried that mark to show that Day still follows night, as he wanted it.



From a drawing by Frank Holland

"WHAT ARE YOU CRYING FOR, MISTRESS BRUIN?"
ASKED LOX.

Lox and the Bear

One Day Lox was walking in the great green woods. He was trying to think up some joke to play on somebody. He heard a great sobbing near him. He looked about him. He saw an old black Bear sitting on a rock. She was crying as if her heart were broken. He asked her why she was crying. She brushed the teardrops from her hairy cheeks with her big paw and said:

"Oh, Master Lox! That Gull that just flew over is as white as snow. What a shame it is that I can't be white!"

"Pooh, Mistress Mooin (Bear), that is a very small matter. Perhaps you do not know that I made the Gull white."

"Why, Master Lox, what a magician you must be! Can you really change such a dingy brown coat as mine to snow white?"

"Most certainly I can, Mistress Mooin."

"Oh, how happy I should be! Will you make me as white as the Gull?"

This is what the cunning Lox had wanted. He told the foolish Bear that he could do it

NOTE—Lox was known as the Mischief Maker. There are many strange tales told about him. He was a strange fellow. He never took matters seriously. He often had good times by making others unhappy. This little story finds Lox busy with his tricks.

in fine shape. But there was much to go through."

"Did the Gull have to do it?" asked the Bear.

"Oh, yes. But you know the Gull is tough and has a great deal of courage."

"Well, if the Gull stood it I guess I can," replied the Bear. She was very anxious now. "My frame is like stone. I am very brave."

Lox was just as anxious to begin as she was to have him. He began to build a stout stone wigwam. It must be tight enough to hold water. Then he told the Bear to take a seat inside. He poured some water through the hole in the roof. The water covered her. Then he threw in some hot stones as fast as he could. Soon the water was warm. Then it was boiling hot. Clouds of steam filled the place, but Mistress Bruin found no fault. She was thinking of the fine white coat she would have.

Lox wondered why she didn't ask him to stop. He heated the stones twice as hot and threw them in faster than he had before. This was more than Mistress Mooin could endure. She cried out:

"Stop, Master Lox! You must stop!"

"A little longer, Mistress Mooin." His sides were shaking with laughter. "I am sorry to say the Gull showed twice as much courage as you do."

He poured in more water and more red-hot stones.

"I can't—I can't—stand—it—any—longer—Master Lox!"

The great Mischief Maker was having too good a time to stop. He kept on faster than ever. She shouted again:

"Stop—help me—o-out—Oh—Oh!"

Mistress Bruin was now frantic. With her strong shoulders she knocked down the stone walls. Over they went. The water ran all around. He made believe he did not know she had knocked down the wigwam. He ran to her, saying:

"Isn't it too bad the wigwam did not stand a little longer? Look! You were beginning to turn white." He pointed to a white spot under her throat. All old bears have a white spot there. But they cannot see it, of course.

"Is it really true, Master Lox? Had I begun to turn white?"

"Look in the pool of water and see for yourself," he replied. She could see that she had a white spot on her throat. She was surprised and pleased.

"Oh, if you only had waited a little longer," said Lox. "You would have been all white."

He wanted her to try again. But she would not. She said:

"I shall have to get along with this little white spot. I never could live to be made white all over."

Lox could have no more fun. So he started off to find another victim.

How Lox Played with Fire

One Day Lox set out on a long journey. He started off in such a hurry that he forgot to take his firebox with him. The weather was very cold and Lox shivered, for he had no fire. At the end of the first day he heard the cries of Wolves. So he waited for them to come up.

The Wolves thought it was a great honor, for Master Lox did not very often speak to a common Wolf. Lox spoke to them in their tongue, as he could speak many languages. They were very much pleased and invited Lox to stay with them that Night.

The oldest Wolf saw that Lox was very thinly clad, so he turned to the youngest Wolf and said:

“Spread your tail over Master Lox, so that he will not be cold.”

So the young Wolf did. The rocks snapped and split with the cold, but Master Lox was very comfortable.

The next morning Lox told the Wolves that he must start on his long journey across the cold country. The Wolf-chief said:

“Uncle, you have a hard journey before you.

NOTE—You have read how the Mischief Maker, Lox, played a trick on poor Mistress Bear. In this story you will see how Lox was fooled himself.

There will be no one to offer you a fire to keep you warm, or a blanket for your bed. Let me give you a charm that has never failed us. It will give you fire for three Nights. I cannot promise you more, but that will last you until you come to the end of your journey. Now listen and don't lose a word. First gather some dry sticks. Second, place these sticks together in the form of a wigwam. Then step back three paces, two long and one short. Then jump over your wigwam. We have never failed to get fire that way. You are the first one outside our family we have ever told. Now remember all I have said."

Lox was ready to promise all this. He was glad he would be kept warm. As he walked on and on through the biting cold, he wondered if what the Wolf had said was true. He was always playing tricks on others so no wonder he expected others to play tricks on him. At last he said to himself:

"Master Lox, we will try it. If the Wolf-Chief has deceived us, we will go back and tear down his kingdom."

Lox gathered the sticks and placed them as the Wolf had told him. Then he stepped back two long steps and one short one. He leaped clumsily over the wigwam. Can you imagine how surprised he was when he saw a little flame shoot up? The sticks blazed merrily. He was

soon warming his fingers and toes by the fire. This pleased him greatly. He had better courage to go on his way.

Now, although Lox was very wise in some things, he was just as foolish in others. So when the cold began to bite him again he thought how nice it would be to make another wigwam of sticks. He should not have done this, for he had just enough fire for three Days. But he made the fire and was again warming himself by a good blaze.

No matter if three cold nights were before him, he was comfortable then. That is the way with some people. If they are comfortable they do not think anything about tomorrow.

When the Sun began to sink low and the wind blew harder than before he thought of building his fire again. He did not think that it might be colder during the long Night.

"Surely it will be warmer before the Sun sets," he said to himself. "I remember that grandmother used to say that little ragged clouds like those mean we will have warmer weather. Or was it colder? I have forgotten which. No, I am sure it was warmer. What else were clouds put in the sky for? If I had my say they should be the sign of warmth, like putting on a great cloak."

So the foolish Master Lox built his third fire. He had a good time while that burned. But

soon it became cold and he had to move on to keep warm. By the time the Sun had set it was much colder. Master Lox had guessed wrong. His three fires were all used.

"What has served me so well must serve me again," said Lox. He really needed a fire now.

He piled the sticks of wood for another fire. He jumped over them. At first a tiny wreath of smoke rose from the pile, but no fire followed. Again he jumped over the sticks. Again he saw a tiny bit of smoke. But there was no fire. He did this again and again. Now he jumped forward, now backward, back and forth over the pile of dry sticks.

By this time he was very angry. He declared he would never rest until the fagots burned. The wind swept over the plain fiercer than ever. It chilled him to the very bone. Still he jumped to and fro, but not a spark of fire could he make.

He must have seen how very unwise he had been. But it was too late now. He must have fire or he would freeze. His limbs soon became very numb with the cold. His strength was gone, so he could no longer jump over the little wigwam he had built. He stumbled and fell.

There he laid all Night. He had been frozen through his own foolishness. But that was not the last of him. The Evil in him left his body

and scattered all about. It entered the bodies of men. So we find the bad mixed with the good in all. It did not enter all alike, for those who were awake got more than their share. Those who were asleep did not get so much. This explains how some have more evil in them than others.

The Star Maid Who Became a Lily

One evening a young brave was returning from the Hunt. He heard a voice that startled him.

"Be not afraid, young brave. I come in peace."

"Who are you? You are so strange and beautiful. Where do you live?" asked the warrior. He stood dumb with wonder.

"I am the Star from the South. I have come very far. I live in the Great Sky Wigwam. Many Star People live there. I have many sisters and brothers. Do you see that wondrous Star at eventide? That is one of my sisters. She shines in the West. The beautiful Star of the East is another sister. Ah, yes, there are many beautiful people in my homeland."

"But why do you come here?" spoke the brave. He was not so frightened now.

The Star said: "I have always wanted to see and talk with the people on Earth. I have often wished I might visit the Earth. My brother is the big North Star. He keeps guard over me. He is away on a Hunt. I stole away and came to the Earth. I must hurry back before he finds I am gone."

"You are very beautiful, Star Maiden," he said.

"And you. I have watched you Night after Night as you have slept. You have won my heart. It is my wish to be ever near you."

"You shall have your wish, O most beautiful of all Maidens!"

"Hear what I have to say before you make any promises," she said. "I must be changed to something on Earth. What shall it be? Have four of your Wise Men say what form I shall take.

"But see that bright streak that shoots across the Sky! It is my brother. He is coming from the Hunt. I cannot stay any longer. He must not know that I came to Earth. When the new Moon shines again I will meet you here. I shall then learn what form I may take on Earth."

He turned to speak to her. She was gone. He saw a big bird raise itself on fiery wings. Like a flash it flew to the Southern Skies. He knew that it was she. And look! The beautiful Star has reached her home. She is shining once more. She is smiling to him.

The brave told the other warriors how he had met the Star Maid. They must decide what she should become. They thought and thought. There was nothing beautiful enough. Some said she must be a bird. Others said she should be a wild-rose or a daisy. Still they could not decide.

The new Moon came again. The young brave went to meet the Star Maid. Four Wise Men went with him. They saw her bright wings flashing from afar. She came nearer and nearer. She looked very lovely. Soon she reached the earth.

She smiled and said: "You cannot decide what form I shall take. I will choose for myself. I will live where I may see your canoes gliding over the water. I will gladden your games. Little children shall gather me. I will kiss their brows. I shall be near the young brave whom I love."

She looked at the young brave. Then she floated softly down upon the sparkling water. The warriors went back to their wigwams. They missed the beautiful watcher in the Skies. They were sorry. And the Sky People were sorry, too. Her brother said he would never hunt again. Her sisters looked and looked for her. But they could not find her.

The next morning the warriors went to the water's edge. What a sight met their eyes! What do you think they saw? There were many beautiful flowers. They were fair and sweet. The warriors had never seen such blossoms before. In each one they saw the beautiful Star Maid. They were glad.

They named the flower Ah-wa-ge-groon-na. What kind of a flower do you think it was? I

will tell you. It was the pure white Water Lily. Did you ever gather any? When you do, remember this pretty story about the Star Maiden. The Indian children liked to hear it so much.

Why the Call of the Loon is Sad

The call of the Loon is always sad. But it was not so once. Then he was a great talker. But his talk proved his undoing. In that age he was King of all the birds. He could fly farther than the Eagle. He could fly faster than the Hawk. He could talk faster than the Crow. He could scold more than the Jay. When he blew his trumpet, no other bird could be heard.

As Sehunk, the Loon, was ruler of the creatures of the air, the Great Spirit would talk to him. He would tell the Loon his plans. So all the birds were pleased to have the Loon bring them messages. But sometimes the Loon would tell these plans in such a loud tone, the animals could hear. The Great Spirit did not like this. But Sehunk, the Loon, had another habit that troubled the Great Spirit more than this.

The Loon wanted to do all the talking himself! When the Great Spirit began to tell him something, the Loon would break in. This, as you can see, was very impolite. But the Great Spirit was very patient with him. I suppose at last he could stand it no longer.

The last time the Loon talked with the Great Spirit he must have talked faster and louder

than ever. When the Great Spirit had tried far into the night to say a few words, he became very angry. He stole away without trying to tell the Loon he was going! So the Loon talked on till it was daylight.

As soon as it was light he found he was alone! The Great Spirit had left him without so much as asking his leave. He was angry. But he had no one to shout his anger to, so he spread his big wings and sailed away through the sea of space to his home.

To his surprise, his mate was not at home to welcome him. But that was a small matter. As he had done many times before, he lifted high his trumpet, to send far and wide one of his mighty calls. This had been a call no bird or creature had ever dared to deny. To his dismay, only a dismal wail left his throat! He tried again. Again he failed!

He knew then the Great Spirit was angry with him. He knew he was no longer King of the birds.

"The Great Spirit will give me back my trumpet," he thought. "I have only to show him no one is as mighty as I am. I will send my mate with the message. She always comes back with a kind word. I never knew before I was so dependent upon her."

So the Loon sought for his mate. He flew high. He flew low. He flew far. But fly where he would he could not find her!

The saucy Jay told him an Evil Spirit had taken her away in the Night!

The Loon had all the time been calling in a sad voice for her to come back. But it was not the voice with which he had called her so many times before. Then the Hawk, the Eagle, the Crow, aye, even the little Cuckoo would stop and listen to him. Now no one paid any heed to him! The scream of the Hawk rang through all the sky. The shriek of the Eagle was echoed back from the distant mountain. The piping of the Jay, which had been beneath his notice before, rang clear and defiant. His own cry died away in the murmuring of the river. He had lost his trumpet. He was no longer King.

So Sehunk hunted Cloud Land over and over to find his lost mate. His only answer was the mournful echo of his own call. Since that far-away day many Loons have come and gone. And every one has taken up that mournful cry, as a token of their downfall.

The Star of the North

A family of five brothers and a sister lived by the Rocking Shore. The sister was the fairest Maid in all the country. The brothers loved her dearly.

Farther North there also lived a people of great size and strength, who were called the Giants of the North. These Giants delighted to raid the homes of the others. They carried off many captives. Most of their victims were young and beautiful. The people along the Rocking Shore stood in great fear of these Giants.

It came about that these brothers wanted to go on the great Fall Hunt but were afraid to leave their sister alone. One of them must stay and protect her from the Giants. It was decided that the youngest, Pegasco, should stay at home.

He did not want to. He did not believe any harm could come to her. So after the others started he got a boy to stay with her and started off on a hunt all by himself. He meant to be back before the others did.

NOTE—Another Micmac legend. The Indians believed the Sun and Moon were older than the Earth, but the Stars were younger. These were supposed to have been mortals, men, animals or birds given a dwelling-place in the sky in return for some good or famous deed done here.

He had not been gone long before his sister saw a man's head above the tree tops of the forest. At first she thought he had climbed one of the trees to look down upon her. But no, he was one of those terrible Giants of the North. He was taller than the trees!

She ran to the boy. He was asleep on a pile of skins. Before she could awaken him the Giant took her in his big arms and carried her away. He took her to his ice-palace far to the North. He liked her because she was beautiful. He was very kind to her. She would have been cold but he wrapped his heavy robe around her.

The Giant was very fierce-looking, but he was good to her. She liked him and wanted to stay.

When her brother found that she had been stolen he was very sorry because he had not taken better care of her. He said he never would rest until he had saved her.

So before his brothers came back he started off to find his sister. He fairly flew, Night and Day, and got there soon after the Giant. Now he knew that the Giant would know him as her brother, so he took great caution. He changed himself into a White Bear.

His sister saw him and knew that he had come after her. She ran away, for she did not want to go back with him. He saw that

he must take her by force if she returned home with him.

He did not dare to meet his brothers without taking her home. So he must think of some way to get her away from the Giant.

Now this young brave was a great musician. When he played on his favorite reed he could charm great warriors to sleep.

He entered the great ice-palace. He was met by the Giant himself. The Giant knew him, but did not say so.

"Who is this who comes to my dwelling without being asked?"

"A tired traveler from the South who would like a Night's lodging."

The Giant smiled, but the young brave did not know what for. He did not think that a Night was a whole season long. Then the Giant said:

"You are welcome to tarry for the Night, though it be a season long. Come in and eat. Then you may have a couch, where you may sleep long."

Now the brave thought that the Giant meant he was going to kill him while he slept. He said:

"You are very kind. In the sunny South-land I am known as a great musician. I play every eve to the Spirits of the Dying Day." He said this very boastfully.

"Play your reed songs, Brother of the South-

land," said the Giant. "I shall be happy if they put me to sleep. I have not closed my eyes for a long time."

Pegasco gladly got his reed. He began his sweetest melody. He threw his whole soul into the music, for he hoped to put the Giant to sleep. Then he could take his sister back to the Rocking Shore. He could hear his sister drawing near to listen to his song. He thought perhaps if he should play some song she had liked that she would think of her home and go back with him.

So he played on and on. Very soon the big eyes of the Giant began to wink and blink. Then he stretched out at full length on the floor. He rolled himself in his heavy robe. He seemed to be asleep.

Pegasco did not think the Giant was asleep. He could see two bright spots under the Giant's lids.

Every minute Pegasco thought the Giant would go to sleep. He played until he became very tired. He grew sleepy himself. Still the Giant's eyes looked very bright. At last Pegasco fell asleep.

Now the Giant had really been asleep but he had put some firewood under his eyelids to make Pegasco think he was not.

When he awoke he found Pegasco asleep. He took him in his strong arms and carried him to a high rock, where he was going to throw him over.

Pegasco had a bad dream while the Giant was carrying him. He awoke. You can imagine how surprised he must have been! At first he was very much frightened. But he was very brave and thought quickly. The Giant thought he was asleep so did not hold him very tight. Pegasco leaped quickly from the Giant's arms and tripped him with his reed. Before the Giant could get up, Pegasco pushed him over the cliff.

He hurried back to the ice-palace to get his sister. She did not want to go back to her home. But after much teasing she went. She felt very bad because the Giant had been killed.

Now her other brothers had returned from the hunt. The boy had told them how the Giant had stolen her and how Pegasco had gone after her. They started out also.

Many Days went by and she did not hear from them. She felt very bad. She missed the Giant, too. Nothing that could be said or done would make her happy.

One evening Pegasco saw a Star of unusual brightness in the North. He wondered what it was. When he returned he found that his sister was not there. He knew that she had fled to the North and had taken the form of a new Star. The Giants live no more. The Star still shines over the frozen seas. The Red Men still tell the story of the stolen Maid.

First Maple Sugar

The Red Men loved the Maple. They drank the sap from this tree. But no one knew the delicious beverage could be made thicker and sweeter.

Moqua, the squaw of a mighty hunter, Woksis, found this out. Woksis was going on a long Hunt. Before he went he gave her a big piece of meat, saying:

"Cook this well. But have it ready for Woksis when he comes back. Let it be tender."

He knew Moqua would cook the meat to suit him. None of the other Squaws kept their wigwams as well as Moqua.

Woksis stood a stick in the snow. He made a line straight out from the stick in the snow. This meant that when the shadow of the Sun should get to this line, he would be back.

So he started on his Hunt. Moqua went about her work. She melted snow to cook the meat in. When it boiled she dropped in the juicy steak.

Moqua was always busy. So while the vessel was steaming over the fire, she sat down to do some beadwork. She was making some new moccasins for Woksis.

She quite forgot the meat. By and by she heard a loud snap. Then she heard the dish



From a drawing by Frank Holland

MOQUA POURED THE SAP INTO THE KETTLE.

fall into the fire. Woksis' dinner was spilled in the flames. The kettle was broken. The water had run all over the fire. The fire sputtered.

Moqua soon mended the vessel. But the shadow was nearly around to the line Woksis had drawn. She did not have time to melt more snow. She must finish cooking the meat before he returned. She saw a bucket of sap near the big Maple. She had kept it to drink. She said to herself:

"Woksis will not care if I take that to cook his dinner. The Maple will send him more."

So Moqua poured the sap into the dish. Soon it was boiling as any water would do.

When Woksis came back he found his dinner was ready. The old Maple had given him plenty more sap to drink. He was very hungry. He had walked far. He was pleased that Moqua kept his wigwam so well. Woksis began to eat.

Moqua was pleased. But Woksis stopped eating. Moqua was afraid something was wrong. Then Woksis took up a small piece of meat. He licked it with his tongue. He smacked his lips.

"This is the sweetest meat I ever tasted. I have always said you were the best of cooks. But today you have done better than ever. How did you do it?"

"Is it so bad you cannot eat it?" she asked.

"No. It is very good. What did you put on it?"

Moqua looked at it. She saw that there was something that looked like yellow sand on it. She saw that Woksis liked it. She was very pleased.

Of course you know what Moqua thought was yellow sand was Maple Sugar.

It was some time before Moqua knew the truth. Then she thought of the sap she had used to cook the meat with instead of water. She boiled more sap and was delighted when it changed into sweet yellow chunks. This was how the Red Men learned to make Maple Sugar. It has been a favorite dish with them ever since.

The Boy Who Became a Wolf

Nebosah was the son of a great Chief. But he was not satisfied. He had heard much about his father's great deeds. He wanted to hear about himself. At last the chance came his way.

He was sitting by a rock waiting for his father. His father had gone to chase a big Moose. An old Wolf came up to Nebosah.

"Why are you so sad, Young Man?" asked the Wolf.

Now it pleased Nebosah very much to be called a "Young Man."

"I am sad because I have nothing to do," answered the boy.

"Let me change you into a Wolf. No Wolf is ever idle. We hunt all night long. We rest by day. Even now I am looking up new Game lands.

"Can you change me into a big Wolf?" asked Nebosah, eagerly.

"I am Manabizo, the mighty Magician," replied the Wolf, proudly.

"Then change me into a Wolf. He must be a big one."

The Wolf said something in Wolf language. He shook his paws in Nebosah's face. Then he said:

"It is done!"

Nebosah seemed to awake from a sleep. He found he had been changed to a Wolf!

He could hear all kinds of sounds. There came the voices of half a dozen Wolves. They were biting and quarreling among themselves.

"My children are glad to see you," said the old Wolf.

The young Wolves rushed around him. They almost pushed him off his feet.

He saw that he was the size of a common Wolf.

"Make me larger," he said.

The old Wolf did so.

"Larger still!" cried the Boy Wolf.

The old Magician did not like to do this. But his sons said:

"Do it, father; then we can run faster than he."

So Nebosah found himself still larger.

"Now my tail is too short. Please make it more bushy."

This was done. He saw himself in a pool of water. He was very pleased.

"Now for a race in the valley!" shouted one of the young Wolves.

Away they scampered. Nebosah was a Wolf now. He knew that he must join in the sport. But he soon fell behind. He had to give up the race.

"You're too fat," declared the Wolf. And he chuckled.

"My legs are too short," panted Nebosah.

"Very well," and in a trice they were much longer. In fact they were too long for the rest of his body.

"If I make you larger, you will be clumsy."

"No, I won't. Besides, I told you I wanted to be a very large Wolf!"

"I am a mighty Magician!" said the old Wolf, boastfully.

Now Nebosah was pleased. He was bigger than the old Wolf. He strutted around with great pride.

The party started off up the valley. They did not run very fast, so he could keep up with them very easily. But soon they found Moose tracks. They were very anxious to get him.

"He is lame," one Wolf said. "We can soon catch up to him."

The young Wolves did not wait to make any talk. Away they went. They licked their chops. They thought of the great feast they would have.

Again Nebosah fell behind. He trotted along beside the old Wolf.

"My sons run very fast," said the old Wolf. "They are the fastest runners of the whole Wolf family."

"They seem to like it," said Nebosah.

"They do," replied the Wolf. "They are never satisfied unless they are racing. Who do you think can run the fastest?"

"He who started off with such mighty bounds," said Nebosah. "He must be out of sight of the others by this time."

"I see you have not been a Wolf long enough to know Wolf ways. He makes a good start. But he will be the first to get tired."

"Then it must be the second," Nebosah said.

"Wrong again. The one who was far behind will be the first to get the Moose. He is very wise. He is like his father. He will not use all his strength in bounds that do not count."

Nebosah said nothing. He could see the cunning old Wolf was making fun of him. He was a big Wolf. But he was too clumsy to win the race. He could not run fast. He could not run far without getting very tired.

Very soon they found a bundle one of the other Wolves had dropped.

"Pick it up and take it along," said the old Wolf.

Nebosah saw that it was only a soiled piece of dog-skin. He did not want to spoil his fine coat.

"Very well, I will carry it," said the Wolf. "You are younger than I. I thought you would carry it for me."

Nebosah saw the old Wolf did not like this

very well. The Wolf picked it up. Nebosah was surprised to see that it was a beautiful robe.

"I will carry it," he said. But the old Wolf would not let him.

Nebosah felt very cheap now. He walked on. He did not speak.

By and by they found the young Wolves resting—all but the one who had started behind. He was not tired.

The old Wolf said: "They are after the Moose your father was following. See! There is his arrow sticking in the tree. Go and take it out of the tree."

Nebosah did not dare to say no. So he took hold of the arrow with his Wolf teeth. He tugged and tugged. But he could not pull it out of the Tree.

The old Wolf laughed. Nebosah knew the Wolf was playing some trick on him. The Wolf tried to pull the arrow out. He had no trouble at all.

"Your father is not such a great hunter after all. Hark! My son has caught the Moose."

They heard a loud noise. Yes, the young Wolf had caught the Moose. The other Wolves ran as fast as they could to get some of the Moose meat.

"Let them spend their breath if they want to," said the old Wolf. "I can see by the tracks it is a very poor Moose. We will not hurry."

Nebosah was very hungry. But he could not get along good at all. Oh, how tired he was! He had wanted to be such a big Wolf. Now he could see his mistake. He saw that the young Wolves were small. They could run very easily.

They reached the spot after a while. But there was no Moose there. It had all been eaten. There were only a few bones to pick.

"We will start for the mountains now," said the Wolf.

Nebosah was already very tired. But all Day long he was kept going. He had no chance to rest. There seemed to be no end to their journey. Now it was this way. Now it was that way. When it was night again Nebosah said to himself:

"Now I shall have a chance to sleep."

But the old Wolf was thinking of something else.

"Up and away on the Night's Hunt," he said. "There is plenty of food. We must go after it."

"The Night is for sleep," said Nebosah.

"Only for the lazy Red Men. The Wolf never sleeps at Night."

"I am hungry," said Nebosah.

"It is your own fault. If you had not wanted to be made so large you could have run faster. If you had run faster you could have had some of the Moose meat."

Poor Nebosah knew this was true.

"I see plainly," said the Wolf, "you do not make a good Wolf. You lack everything that makes a good one. Perhaps you would like to go back to your father."

Nebosah said he did. He promised he would never grumble again. The Wolf was kind to him now. The next Morning he found himself in his father's Wigwam. He was one of the happiest boys in the world.

The Bird Girl

Winona had few playmates, so she was left much alone. Still she was never lonesome. The animals played with her and she loved them. She knew what they said, and she could talk with them. She loved the birds, too, and knew their language. She could sing their songs and talk with them. So she was happy in their company. She and the birds often held parties in the woods.

One Day as she was walking along the bank of a beautiful brook, she began to trill a sweet bird song. In the midst of her song, unknown to her, a hunter came along. He became anxious to see what beautiful bird it was singing such a fairy song. So he pushed his way through the tangled growth very carefully, looking all the time for the singer.

He soon found the singer, but she was not a bird! Nor was there any bird in sight. He was both puzzled and pleased. He watched Winona in silence until she had finished her song.

Before the last note a real bird in a near-by tree joined in the chorus. Other birds came and sang, too. So the woods fairly rang with the melody. The listening stranger had never heard such singing.

Not until the last note had died away did the hunter dare to make himself known to Winona. She was startled at first. The birds were so frightened they flitted back into the woods.

"Be not afraid, fair Maid," greeted the hunter, in a friendly tone.

"I am Nevera of the Strong Bow. I would not harm so sweet a singer. Sing again for Nevera."

Winona did not sing any more that day, but she talked long and kindly to the hunter. He belonged to a rival tribe, but she found him very pleasing. When the time came for them to part, both were loth to go.

The next Day Winona returned to hold her concert with the birds, and they sang together more sweetly than ever. Winona knew someone was listening near by. The birds did not know this, so both Maid and birds sang their best!

At the close of the concert in the woods Nevera visited with Winona, and both were very happy.

Day after Day the maid and the hunter met, until they had become lovers. Day after Day the birds sang with Winona, until they had become bold enough to sing with Nevera present. Those were happy trysts to maid, warrior and birds.

One sunny Afternoon, when the concert had lasted longer than common, a feathered songster suddenly circled about Winona's head, and lighted on her shoulder.

Then the bird twittered something in Winona's ear. The Maid began to tremble with fright.

"Flee, Nevera!" she said. "Father has been told of our meeting, and he is coming to kill you. Flee, before it is too late."

Nevera hesitated. He was not a coward.

"I ask it for my sake—flee! Father is very angry. He will not let me wed a common warrior. He has told me I must keep the wigwam of an old chief."

Nevera knew if he stayed he would be put to death. Not that he was afraid to die—oh, no! But that would only make it worse for Winona. So he stole away, very much ashamed, but determined to return some time and save Winona, the Bird Girl, as he had come to call her.

So Winona and Nevera parted, and the birds, glad the warrior had escaped harm, sang louder and sweeter than ever.

But the Moon grew thin and plump and thin again without any message from Nevera. Lonely now, in her grief, forgetting her feathered friends, Winona would sit hour after hour by the river bank, plaiting her hair or braiding

the flowers she had plucked in her thoughtless humor.

The birds missed her voice when they sang their matin songs, so they became sad, too. They sang together less and less, so a great silence fell upon the woods.

Winona noticed this at last, and wondered what it meant. The people about the lodges noticed it, and asked among themselves if the birds had all moved away.

As Winona's Wedding Day with the old chief drew near, she remained in her lodge.

She was very lonesome. Her coming wedding made her very sad. She still had faith in Nevera. Would he come in time to save her? Her head told her "No." Her heart said, "Yes—yes."

While she listened to these still, small voices, one of her little bird friends came and sat in her lap. She remembered him. He was the leader of the forest choir with which she had sung so many times. He had not come to her since she had been lonely. She knew it was partly her fault. Now he looked up into her face cheerfully, and he began to sing. And this was the message of his song:

"Don't marry the old Chief now! Don't marry the old Chief now!"

Winona smiled. She looked very beautiful. She stroked the bright plumage of the singer.

This made him more light-hearted, so he sang merrily:

“Put him off! Put him off!”

Very soon Winona, the Sunshine again in her heart, sang with the bird. So they had a nice little concert by themselves.

Again, as the Daylight was made a captive in the arms of Night, the little bird came and sang to Winona. Other birds came with him now. After he had sung his solo, which ran—“Waiting is not long. Bide your time—” all sang together, very happy. It was the sweetest concert they had ever held.

And these concerts were kept up, while the Moon grew plump again. While Winona did not know the reason why, she had become her old self. Her father, thinking she had forgotten her warrior lover, was pleased. He said to the impatient old chief:

“The child is herself again. The waiting of a Moon will not matter. It is only a woman’s whim. Better please her.”

Again Winona sat in her lodge door, listening for the first note of her bird friend. She had not to wait long. Up from the dim old forest came the sweet notes:

“Waiting has its reward!”

Other singers joined in the chorus, until the woods were made merry with the song. Listen! what other sound is that? Chiefs and

warriors are agog! A long line of warriors—strange warriors—are marching into the village! At the head leads Nevera! But he carries a token of peace, and no one is alarmed. A herald then announces the coming of a great Chief.

Preparations for a feast are made. The Wise Men get together. At the council the prowess of Nevera on a recent war-trail is told—deeds of heroism which have made him a chief greater than even Winona's father!

Winona was sent for, and the festival was made more merry by a wedding. It was such a wedding as had not been known among the oldest of the Medicine Men.

Of course Winona was happy. So was Nevera, who had so gallantly won him a wife. So were the birds. So was everybody, except the disappointed old chief.

When Winona went to her new lodge, her bird friends went with her. A Day was never finished right which did not witness one of their concerts. Often the chief delighted to join in these songs. So their hearts were ever kept young. For the heart with music in it is always young.

What His Vanity Cost the Crow

When the Red Man first saw the Crow he was as white as snow. He was very proud of his white jacket. He delighted to strut back and forth before the other birds to show his beautiful plumage. So you see he was very, very vain.

The other birds became tired of this display of pride. So they put their heads together to see what could be done to humble the Crow.

"We will catch him, and sift ashes over him," said the gray woodpecker.

"Let him strut in his white feathers," said the Robin. "I am more tired of his singing. He won't let me have a moment to try any of my new songs."

The Crow was a fine singer. He was also very vain of his voice. So you see Mr. Crow was doubly fortunate. And he seemed determined to make it doubly unpleasant for his companions.

"I can't sing three notes before he will start in and drown the sound of my voice," declared the Wren. "Did you ever see such a hateful thing?"

"Yes," said the Jay. "Even when we all join for a good sing, he will pitch his key so high we cannot be heard. But that white coat

is worse to me than his voice. I cannot see that he is such a wonderful singer."

The truth was the Jay thought he was the best singer. What troubled him most was the white coat the Crow wore every day. You see, the Jay was very proud of his blue cap and jacket.

So plans were talked of to humble the Crow. I think the plan finally tried was that of the Jay. It sounds like him anyway. It was for the Blackbird to try a race through the air with the Crow. The Crow was to win this race. Then the Blackbird was to get the Crow to run a race with him on the ground. One of the conditions of this race was that it should lead through a pile of brush. This brush was to be smeared with charcoal. So Mr. Crow should be anything but white when he came through.

The Blackbird did not want to do this.

"Run the race yourself," he said to the Jay.

"Me, run a race? My feet are too big! I would tumble down. We would all be in disgrace. You are the fastest runner of us all. I saw you run this morning, and you did run beautifully. Besides, you are black to begin with, and such a race could not soil your coat."

"But my beautiful red wing pieces!" protested the Blackbird.

"Oh, you can cover them over with your

wings. You are the only one who can win the race."

The other birds joined in with the Jay, so the Blackbird consented. Without thinking of any mischief, the Crow agreed to enter the race. He soon flew far ahead of the Blackbird, and won that trial easily.

Proud of the victory he had already won, he was ready to run a race with the Blackbird on the ground. This was a woeful race for him. The nimble-footed Blackbird ran through the brush, as had been planned. The Crow had to follow, or give up in disgrace. It would have been better if he had given up. He was the sorriest-looking bird you could think of when he came out of that brush. There wasn't a white feather on his body!

Pretending to help him clean his coat, the other birds daubed the poor Crow with pitch, black clay and everything black. until he was a pitiful object. He stood out in the rain all night, but it did no good. To this day the Crow has been black.

This loss would have broken the heart of almost any other bird. But the Crow had a stout heart. If he had lost his white plumage, he had still his wonderful voice. Now he sang more than ever!

The other birds were glad when it was time for them to fly away to the Southland for the winter. He laughed with glee.

"You can go if you want to. I am going to stay here and sing the cold away. I shall have the woods all to myself."

So, while his companions flew away to a warmer clime, he stayed behind. After a time he became tired of singing to himself, so he sang to the animals. For a time they listened gladly, but by and by what had been a pleasure became a hardship. They asked the Crow to stop, but the impish old fellow only sang louder.

The animals stood it as long as they could. Then they took their case to the Great Spirit. Now, the Great Spirit had become angry with Mr. Crow. He told the animals to wait and see what might happen.

As the winter nights grew longer the cold became more bitter. Huddled up in his warm corner, the Crow did not mind this for a time, but presently he began to shiver. Still he sang and sang, until he had caught a bad cold. He became very hoarse. But he would not give up his singing.

"My throat will soon clear," he thought.

But the longer he sang the hoarser he became. The hoarser he became the more difficult it was for him to trill his famous notes. At last he could make only a hoarse sound, the gruff "Caw—caw!" that all Crows make to this day. He had lost his beautiful voice forever. So the Crow was doubly punished for his vanity.

But he was not robbed wholly of his pride and there was no bird the Red Men respected more. He was both brave and cunning to a fault. But he was still the steadfast friend of the Red Men.

The Rabbit's Queer Errand

In and out of the great forest flitted the big, bounding Rabbit and his mate. They were very happy but for one thing. They had a beautiful daughter. She was the most beautiful of the Rabbit world. She had many admirers who wanted to marry her. Now, her beauty made her very vain. So she would throw back her silken ears and lift high her giddy head and say:

"You are not good enough for me!"

Her parents did not know what to do. They tried to find someone high enough for little Ineola to wed. Ineola was the little Rabbit's name. At last her mother said:

"I have been thinking that the Moon would make a good mate for Ineola. He is very great. He shines so softly at Night and makes such pretty shadows. I am sure he is very wise."

So Mister Rabbit put on his fastest pair of shoes, so that they would carry him from the paws of the Fox and the Wolf. He waited

NOTE—Among the animal myths the rabbit figures frequently, and usually as a deceiver and plotter against the peace of others. The moral of the above tale is clearly indicated and shows him in his true character as an ambitious schemer. The Indians applied the masculine gender to the Moon and the feminine to the Sun.

until the Moon came to rest on the Mountain. Then he started off to have a talk with him. He told the Moon about little Ineola and how she must wed somebody who was great. But the Moon said:

"You think I am great, but I am not. I shine very bright, it is true, but the Cloud darkens my eye. Go to the Cloud. The Cloud is greater than I am."

Then Mister Rabbit went to the Cloud. He told the Cloud that Ineola must wed the mightiest thing on Earth or in the Sky. But the Cloud replied:

"For many Moons I have tried to veil the Moon so that the World would be in darkness. Then I could rule over all. But every time the Wind comes and scatters me far and wide. Go to the Wind. The Wind is greater than I am."

Mister Rabbit thought he was on the right path this time. So he hurried off to the Wind. The Wind laughed when he heard the Rabbit's story.

"I, the mightiest thing on Earth or in the Sky? Ha! Ha! Ha! That is too good to be true. I can carry the leaf far from its stem, but that is nothing. I shake big trees till they tremble from head to foot. But that is nothing. Listen! For many years I have flung



From a drawing by Frank Holland

MASTER RABBIT HAS A TALK WITH THE MOON.

myself against that big Rock. But I am always stopped. I beat my wings against its sides until I am tired. I fall asleep and the Rock still remains. Go to the Rock. The Rock is mightier than I am."

Mister Rabbit was beginning to lose courage now. But he went to the Rock and told his story. The Rock made reply:

"You are mistaken if you think I am the mightiest. It is true I have stood here a long, long time. It is because I am chained here. I am a captive. I have faced many storms. I have defied the Wind. I have shivered the arrows of the Red Men. But I am only a captive. No captive can be great. If you would have your daughter wed the best, go among her kind. Only yesterday she played hide-and-seek on my brow. She laughed at my helplessness. She was free! I am not. The Fox came and she left him far behind. The Bear could not catch her. Let her wed among her people. She will be a Queen—free and happy."

At last the Rabbit saw the truth. He went back to his home satisfied. He told little Ineola all he had seen and heard. She could see her folly, so she wed one of her own kind and was happy.

A Strange Game of Ball

The favorite pastime among the Red Men was ball-playing. Sometimes games would be played between rival tribes. More often the warriors of a tribe would choose sides. The players became very earnest at times. Single warriors would often play against each other, to the great amusement of the spectators. Some of the Red Men were very skillful in playing.

But this sport was not always confined to the men. The animals imitated the men. Some of the animals could play amazing games. The birds imitated the animals and played remarkable games. So there was intense rivalry among the three classes.

The Bear was the Captain of the animals. Now, the Bear was the biggest boaster among all the animals. To have heard him talk you would have thought the warriors were not a match for his league.

The Eagle was the Captain of the birds. What the Eagle could not think to say was not worth saying. So the two great leagues of ball players hurled boastful claims against each other. The result was what might have been expected. The two great clans prepared to meet in a game of ball that should show who was master.

A smooth, grassy plot lying along the bank of a river was selected for the ball-ground of the animals. The birds were to play in the tree-tops overhead. It was to be a famous game. It was to be the most wonderful game of ball ever played!

The animals felt certain of victory. To show how he would toss the birds into the air when they came near him, the Bear threw big logs into the air. Another animal that promised to do wonderful things was the Turtle. The Turtle was then a mighty animal. His shell was so hard he could throw himself upon the ground so as to dent the earth. He could crush any bird that came his way. The Deer was another great player. He could outrun every other animal. So, you see, the Bear was Captain of a wonderful ball company.

The Eagle, Captain of the Birds, had a good second in the Hawk. But, to speak the truth, he was not confident of winning. His players were mostly little fellows. Anyone could see it was not so easy to keep the ball in the air as it was on the ground. But the birds were brave and were not inclined to give up the battle before it was fought.

So the rivals waited for the signal from the Fox to start the game. While they waited, two tiny creatures climbed to where the Eagle was proudly waiting to begin the game.

"Please, Captain Eagle," piped one of the newcomers, "we want to play with you in this game."

The Eagle looked down upon the speaker and his companion, no larger than field mice. He saw they had four feet.

"Why don't you play with the animals? No doubt the big Bear would be glad of your help."

"The Bear won't let us play with his company. We are too small. He laughed at us."

"But you are not birds."

"Please make us into birds."

The birds pitied the little beggars. So they talked among themselves to see what could be done.

"Let us put wings on them," said the Hawk. "They are too small to do much mischief, even if they can't do any good."

The Partridge brought a piece of the Ground Hog skin, which made the head of his drum. These two pieces of the drum-head were cut into the shape of wings. These wings were fastened to the forelegs of one of the tiny fellows. He began to fly about in a surprising manner. He was the first Bat.

When the ball was thrown to the Bat he could dodge it or catch it, as suited his fancy. In this way he could keep it in the air a longer time than any of the birds. Captain Eagle was pleased.

There was no leather left to make wings for

the other mouse. And they had no time to send for more.

"One of you take hold of his skin on one side. I will take hold on the other," said the cunning Jay. "In that way we can stretch him a pair of wings."

So the Jay and the Robin pulled with their sharp bills the skin between the fore and hind feet until, lo! the Flying Squirrel flew into the next tree.

Then the Eagle tossed him the ball. The Flying Squirrel caught this between his teeth. He sprang from tree to tree, until he had carried it through the air to the edge of the forest and back.

Then the game was called. It would have done you good to see that game! How the birds skipped through the tree-tops! Now the Jay caught the ball and flew with it into a tall Pine. The Robin caught it when it slipped from the Jay's bill. The Wren seized upon the ball, and the way he skurried through the trees made the big, clumsy Eagle dizzy. The battle does not always belong to the big.

When the ball slipped from the beak of the Hawk and began to fall, the Flying Squirrel dropped himself from his perch in season to stop the ball. This was an amazing feat. Poising himself on the tip of a branch, the Flying Squirrel threw the ball to the Jay. The Jay sent it to the Wren. This time the Eagle

caught the ball in his powerful claws. He threw it to the Wood Pecker with such force that this bird was hurled backward and barely saved himself from falling to the ground.

The Bear saw the ball coming towards him and stood ready to grab it.

"Let me get my big paws on it and there aren't birds enough in the woods to get it away from me!"

Feeling he had lost the game, the Eagle stood still with fright.

But there was one little bird player no one had counted on.

Just as the Bear was about to grab the ball, the Martin flew in between his paws and caught it. He could not escape from the Bear with it, so he threw it to the Bat.

Other animals now joined in the game, and a lively time followed. Now flying between the legs of the Deer, to alight on the back of the Turtle, the Bat dodged to and fro. At last he threw it in between the posts, and so won the game for the birds.

So ended the great ball game between the animals and the birds. The boastful Bear slunk away in disgrace, while over his head the birds sang merrily of their victory.

For pulling the ball out of the Bear's paws, when it dropped, the Martin was given a gourd in which to build a nest. He has kept this to the present day.

The Boy Scout

An old woman and her grandson dwelt at the edge of a great Forest. The boy was very bright and loved his grandmother. But he longed to go deeper into the forest than she was willing. The woods on the West were deeper and darker than those on the East. But she would always say to him:

"Never go West, my grandson. Always go to the East."

"The other boys go to the West, grandmother. They get more game than I do."

"It is because they are older than you, my grandson. Will you promise to go to the East?"

"I promise today, grandmother. But when I am a man I am going West."

She shook her head but said no more then.

He could not keep his mind off the great dark West. It seemed to charm him. He asked his grandmother so many times about it she finally told him:

"An enemy to us lives in the West. Should he see you he would send Evil upon us. All his life your father feared him."

NOTE—The Indian Story Teller had a very vivid imagination. As the fancy was given free rein, nothing seemed too improbable for her to tell, while her listeners never questioned the veracity.

"Did father ever go West?"

"He did."

"Did he see the enemy?"

"He never came back to tell. I warn you not to go that way. The path is set with snares."

The boy made no reply to this warning. But the more he thought about it, the more anxious he was to know what this danger was.

"I will go and see if I can find father," he said to himself one Day as his grandmother sat in the lodge doorway.

He knew he was doing wrong but thought what his grandmother had said was only an old woman's whim. So after going towards the East until out of his grandmother's sight, he changed his course and went into the forbidden land.

The Boy Scout kept a sharp lookout as he walked noiselessly through the strange forest. Plenty of game crossed his path, but he gave no heed to it. He saw many strange sights, but he paid no attention to these. He had something else in his mind.

At last he came to the most beautiful sheet of water he had ever seen. Birds of bright plumage flew up from the reeds. Sleek Deer stood ankle deep in its cool flood. Overhead an Eagle circled lazily in the air. But he had no time to admire all these before a voice said:

"Ah-ha, my fine fellow, I am glad to see you!"

He looked all about him but could see no one. Even the animals did not seem to notice him.

"Who are you?" demanded the Boy Scout, trying to be brave.

"I am the one your grandmother warned you of. You thought you were wiser than she."

"I wonder what I had better say," thought the boy, wishing now he had obeyed his grandmother.

"I know what you are thinking!" declared the voice. "To punish you for disobeying your grandmother I am going to send a gale to tear down her cabin."

"We need the wood," replied the boy. "Then I shall not have to go far to gather it."

"Then run home so you will be on hand to help!" ordered the voice. "My imps are anxious to begin their work."

The Boy Scout was frightened now. He ran home as fast as he could. As he came near his grandmother's cabin he heard a great noise. It sounded as if the wind and rain were doing much damage.

His grandmother was running wildly to and fro, wringing her hands and moaning:

"You have disobeyed me. We shall be destroyed by the gale."

The boy only laughed.

"I saw a Wolf on the way and he gave me a charm. It will change the cabin into a rock."

It did so. The rock, of course, was unharmed. The ground was strewn with wood.

When the gale had spent its fury he changed the rock back to the cabin, saying:

"See, grandmother, we have plenty of wood to burn."

"Don't go West again, my grandson. Next time he will kill us."

The boy made no answer. But he had fared so well this time, he deceived his grandmother again. He sought once more the mysterious enemy.

Again he came to the shore of the lake. But he found that its beauty was gone. He heard the voice and this time he knew it was a man speaking. It said:

"Beware! You cannot defeat me again. This time I will send a tempest of arrows and spears upon your home. How would you like that?"

"I would like the spears very much. And the arrows in my quiver are low."

This time the voice chuckled and said:

"If I were you I would go home before the storm."

So the boy went home. He reached there at the same time the storm did. His grandmother was wild with fear and grief.

"You wicked boy. Our home will be ruined by a storm of spears and we shall be killed."

"See me change the cabin into a rock. We can laugh at the storm!"

No sooner said than it was done. The spears and arrows rattled against the big stone without as much as giving it a scar!

When the storm was over he found the ground was covered with spear points, but there were no handles.

"Never mind. I will get poles and fit the spears to them."

But when he had found the poles the spears were missing.

"They were ice and have melted," said his grandmother.

"The old fellow thinks he has defeated me!" shouted the angry boy. "I will show him I am not to be trifled with."

"Do not go back again," implored his grandmother. "He killed your grandfather. He killed your father. Now he will kill you and me."

"I am not afraid of him," replied the boy, boastfully. "See, I carry my stone charm with me."

So the third time the Boy Scout started in pursuit of his enemy. He knew this would be the last time if he did not kill his enemy.

Once more he came to the shore of the water. He was more watchful than before. He heard the voice, as he had expected. He discovered

a man's head out in the middle of the lake. It had a horrid face on every side!

"Ha-ha, Uncle!" he cried. "I have you now. How would you like to have me send a great drought upon your home?"

"That you cannot do," replied the man.

"Go home and see!" retorted the boy.

Then he threw the stone into the water. As it flew through the air it grew in size and hissed forth great heat.

When it struck the lake, the water began to boil. Great clouds of steam rolled over it.

When the fog had cleared away the water was all gone. All the creatures in the pond were dead except one big Frog. The man or monster had changed himself into a Frog.

The boy then killed the Frog. Then he went home to his grandmother with the good news that they had no more to fear from their enemy.

The Wind King

Noremac, the fisherman, built his wigwam near the water's edge, where there was good fishing. Often he went out in his canoe and speared the fish. Sometimes he caught them in nets.

But when Fall came, the weather grew very windy. A great gale arose. The waves washed far up on the shore. The wind blew harder and harder each Day, until Noremac could no longer set his nets for the fish. He could not go out in his canoe, for the wind blew him against the rocks. At last he became very angry.

"It is Wau-Chau-Sack, the great White Eagle, who is doing all this mischief. I will go to him and ask him not to move his great wings so fast. Then the water will be calm and Noremac can catch fish."

He started Northward to the home of Wau-Chau-Sack, the Wind King.

After many weeks he came to the great rock where Wau-Chau-Sack sat. His broad wings were spread out like two big clouds. When he moved them the wind howled and the waves of the sea dashed against the rocks. Trees were uprooted. Animals hid in their holes to wait until the tempest was over.

Wau-Chau-Sack was a big white Eagle, much taller than a hill. He saw Noremac and spread his wings with greater force than before. The wind was so strong Noremac had hard work to get up where Wau-Chau-Sack was sitting.

"Why do you move your wings so fast?" he asked boldly. "Do you not know that you do much mischief?"

Wau-Chau-Sack laughed and said:

"I do not care how much mischief I do. It is great sport for me. I sit here on this rock and watch the waves play with your canoes down below. I see the mighty trees bend before my power. I am strong and mighty."

Wau-Chau-Sack laughed again.

"But the wind raises the waves so I cannot fish," persisted Noremac.

"I do not care if the wind blows so that you cannot use your net or paddle your canoe. I shall sweep my wings and scream as I have done long before men went upon the water. Why should I care that you cannot fish?"

Noremac was very angry now.

"If you do not stop this gale I shall tie your wings so that you can never spread them again."

"You only fool yourself when you talk like that. How could you, only a weak Red Man, think to destroy one so mighty as I? Go back to your wigwam and be content."

And with these words the wind roared louder than ever.

Perhaps Noremac would have turned back had not Wau-Chau-Sack called him a "weak Red Man." He did not intend to leave now without proving that he was not so weak as it might seem.

He ran at the Eagle and threw him upon his back. The Eagle was not expecting this. Noremac wondered at his own strength. The Eagle could not help himself now. Although he was a mighty bird, he was helpless when on his back. Noremac tied his wings with withes of witch-wood. He dragged him from his seat and left him between two large cliffs.

"I will not be troubled by the wind any more. I shall catch many fish and be happy," he said to himself.

So he was happy for a time. There was no wind. The water was calm. He spread his net and caught many fish.

But he did not think when he tied the Eagle's wings that we really do need some wind. He did not think that it brought fresh air and rain to fill the seas and make the soil rich for planting. He only knew that he could catch fish whenever he chose.

So it was no wonder that Noremac could not understand the change that took place. The water became foul. A thick green scum spread

over it. The air became dense, for there was no wind to bring fresh breezes. It did not rain, so no fresh water was brought to the stagnant stream.

Without these things the fish could not live. Many died and floated on the surface. He could not paddle his canoe through the thick green scum to catch the others.

What could be done? Fish was his food and he must have it.

"I will go once more to the home of the great White Eagle," he said.

Again he started on his long journey to the North. He found Wau-Chau-Sack where he had left him. He was trying to move his big wings. But try as he would, he could not free himself.

Noremac dragged the White Eagle to the rock where first he had found him. After some time he loosened one of his wings. The other he left tied.

Wau-Chau-Sack moved his great wing to and fro. Noremac could see the trees sway back and forth. Yes, the wind blew once more.

Noremac went back to his fishing-place and found that the thick scum was gone. Everything was well now. With only one free wing Wau-Chau-Sack could not do much mischief. He could do much good. Noremac had learned that without wind all things would perish.

longer is the shade it throws over the valley. While Pemi-ge-was-set rested in peace, the Mohawks hurled themselves upon his people with great fury.

Pemi-ge-was-set called his brave warriors together. From early dawn to set of Sun they fought hand-to-hand the fiery Mohawks. Not till the Moon looked down in red was the battle over.

It had fared ill with the Mohawks on that day. The Stars saw the few who had escaped the wrath of Pemi-ge-was-set. They were skulking like Wolves through the dark woods.

Other chieftains might have left them to go in peace. That was not the way of Pemi-ge-was-set. The memory of wrongs done him and his people was too fresh in his mind. Too often had the Mohawks broken their faith to be trusted now.

So Pemi-ge-was-set called about him his shattered band. He gave the enemy pursuit.

If fierce in battle the Mohawks proved wily in retreat. By Day and by Night, by bright sunlight and pale moonlight, Pemi-ge-was-set pursued his enemies. Now they scaled mountains. Now they threaded dark valleys. Now they crossed broad streams. The trail was marked off by the embers of forsaken campfires. So Pemi-ge-was-set and his warriors hung on the heels of the fleeing Mohawks.

The chase did not end until the shining shores of the Horicon were reached. Here Pemi-ge-was-set halted for the first time. Beyond this water was the home of the Mohawks. Behind him was the great wilderness. The tired warriors laid down to rest. It would be time enough on the next Day to act.

While this brave band slept, a war-party of the Mohawks surprised Pemi-ge-was-set. They took him and his comrades prisoners of war.

The Mohawks rejoiced when the young chief was brought into their midst. Men, women and children danced with frantic glee at sight of so famous a warrior-chief. His trial was set for an early Day.

Among those who saw Pemi-ge-was-set in his suffering was Minerwa, the chief's beautiful daughter. She pitied him. She knew he was as brave as he was handsome.

Pemi-ge-was-set had already seen her. He admired her. On the second Day she managed to tell him of her friendship. She offered to help him escape. He would not accept any plan that did not include his warriors. She was very eager to save him. So she agreed to free his warriors, too.

The Night before the Day set for his trial came. The Mohawk Princess visited the prison house of Pemi-ge-was-set. She set him free.

Then she went to the prison house of the warriors and freed them.

Minerwa knew her own life would have to pay for the loss of the captives. So she promised to meet Pemi-ge-was-set at a certain place on the third Night following. She would go with him to his people. There she would wed him.

The Mohawks slept. Pemi-ge-was-set and his men stole away in silence. At daybreak they discovered that their captives had escaped.

The uproar among the Mohawks was frightful, but they sought them in vain.

The chief found that his daughter was gone. His anger turned to sorrow. She was the light of his heart. He knew then or thought he knew, how Pemi-ge-was-set had escaped.

Before the Sun had set Minerwa's canoe was found overturned. She had gone for a row upon the water. The Mohawk chief's grief was great.

Of course the canoe was really upturned by the princess on purpose. They searched for her body. But she was on her way to meet Pemi-ge-was-set.

The lovers met at the appointed place. The journey to his people was made in safety. Pemi-ge-was-set and the princess were wed with great ceremony. They lived together very happily for several years.

The Mohawks troubled Pemi-ge-was-set no more. So he and his people lived in peace. Then the Hurons gave battle to them. They were another war-like tribe.

The Hurons were defeated and driven away. But Pemi-ge-was-set was sorely wounded.

Among the Hurons was a warrior who saw the Mohawk princess. He went to her father and told him where she was.

The Mohawk chieftain was now an old man and sick. He longed to see his daughter again. So he sent one of her brothers to get her to come and see him. Pemi-ge-was-set might come with her, if he wished. He promised no harm should be done him.

So the son of the Mohawk chief came to the mountain vale. He saw and talked with the Princess Pemi-ge-was-set. She had longed to see her father. Now she asked her husband if they could go.

He shook his head sadly.

"I cannot walk so far," he said. "But you may go. I will wait for your return."

At first she would not consent. But he said he would watch from the peak of a high mountain for her until she came back. So she made ready for her long journey.

"Minerwa will talk with Pemi-ge-was-set by smoke sign from the valley. The smoke shall

be tongue to speak from mountain top. Minerwa not stay many Moons."

So they parted like lovers, for their hearts had not grown old. He had some of his stoutest warriors carry him to the brow of a ledge on a high mountain. There he began his lonely vigil.

He saw her smoke signals from the valley. He answered them. He saw the smoke wreaths rise from her fire on the distant mountain peak. He replied with tongues of smoke. This was a beautiful custom of the Red Men.

Then there came Days without these smoke signals. But he was certain she would come as soon as might be.

But the Days ran into weeks. The weeks ran into months. Still there was no sign from Minerwa.

The chief ate of the food that was brought him. But he refused to be carried back to the valley of his people.

"Pemi-ge-was-set will come when he reads the smoke talk of Minerwa," he replied firmly.

Minerwa had found her father and talked with him. He died in her arms contented.

When the time came Minerwa and her brother started on their return. But they were waylaid by a former suitor for Minerwa. Both were slain.

Pemi-ge-was-set did not know this. He still believed that his beautiful wife would return. Pemi-ge-was-set looked steadily into the West for her signal.

His comrades begged him to stay no longer. But he would not leave. He stayed through summer's heat. He waited through winter's snows. So year after year he kept his lonely vigil.

Out of pity, at last, the Great Spirit cast him into a deep sleep. From this sleep he awoke in the arms of his beloved wife.

The Great Spirit caused a great stone image of Pemi-ge-was-set to be placed on the side of the cliff. There it stands today. It keeps alive the story of Pemi-ge-was-set's love and devotion to his wife.

At the foot of the mountain the Great Spirit placed a mirror. In it the gray Stone Face can see his own image. Here, at midnight, the Moon loves to linger and paint queer pictures. At mid-day the Sun changes the silver into gold. The good old face looks into it and smiles softly in memory of other days.

Wasawa's Snow-Shoes

This story has an old, old beginning. Two braves loved the same Maid. She was beautiful. Both of them were brave. One was named Wasawa. One was named Oakana. Wasawa was like the Elm, tall, slender, graceful. Oakana was like the Oak, short, sturdy, defiant. So you see they were a stalwart pair.

The Maid was known as Laughing Eyes. She was the light of her father's lodge. Her father was a great chief. For some reason he preferred Oakana for a son-in-law. The Maid with the Laughing Eyes preferred Wasawa. So you see it was a puzzle for the Maid. If she should wed Wasawa it would displease her stern father. If she should wed Oakana, she was very certain she would never be happy.

To settle the question the old chief proposed the lovers should take a long journey. He had a message to send to a chief in the far North.

Each of these lovers were to take a copy of this message to the chief of the North Country. The one who came back first with an answer should have his consent to marry his daughter.

Mind you, this was in the middle of Winter. The snow lay deep in the woods and

upon the plains. The weather was biting cold. So long was the journey it would take them, without accident, a full round Moon (a Month) to go and come! Should the weather be stormy, it might take them much longer.

There was not even a marked tree to guide them on their way. It was all the distance through a pathless wilderness. So you see it was a long, hard trip to make.

The lovers were willing to make the trial. The Maid with the Laughing Eyes was not. While Wasawa was fleet of foot, she feared Oakana might prove more than a match for Wasawa on such a hard journey.

What if Oakana should win? She cried that Night, when Wasawa told her. When an Indian maid cries you may know her heart is breaking.

Wasawa did his best to console her. He told her of his fleetness. He told her of his strength. And he knew his love would make him stronger than his rival.

Oakana came merely to tell her to be in readiness for the wedding when he got back. You see he was certain he should win. So was the chief. So were many of the warriors of the tribe, though not one failed to wish Wasawa success.

Three days were given the rivals in which to get ready. At sunrise, on the morning of the fourth Day, they were expected to start.

The Maid with the Laughing Eyes slept but little that Night. When she did sleep she had a strange dream. This dream came to her three times. The last time she awoke unable to sleep any more.

In her dreams she saw some Ducks walking on the snow! Nothing more. But the third time she saw that they were, in some strange way, held upon the top of the snow. So they walked about easily. Other creatures sank into the fluffy mass, and floundered about in great distress.

The next Morning she scattered some bits of meat and seeds for the wild birds to feed upon. She had done this many times. A pair of Wild Ducks had often come with the birds. They came this Morning. She had fed them so many times they had become very tame. So she had no trouble in catching one now. After patting him on the neck, she threw him far out over the snow. To her joy he rose on the snow and walked back to her, as if he had enjoyed the sport. She saw it was his web feet that held him up, while the birds did not have such feet and sank into the snow.

Her dream had come true! And she was wise beyond her years. Why couldn't Wasawa have something to put upon his feet to hold him up? If he could walk upon the snow like the Duck, surely he could get back before Oakana! The thought made her happy.

She would make something to help Wasawa win that long, bitter race.

Just how to do this taxed her woman's wit. But where there is a purpose there is a way to win. She knew whatever she made must be light. It must be strong.

She found some strips of dry ash-wood, the lightest she could find. She knew they were strong, for she had made bows for her father out of such strips.

Then she found some Deer thongs. These she wove across the space between the frames, until she had a good firm bottom. She next fixed some thongs so they would hold the strange shape upon Wasawa's foot.

The Maid did not show the result of her handiwork to Wasawa that Night. She wanted to make the other first.

It was easier to make the second than it had been to make the first. She improved in her work, too. She made some improvements in the one she had done first. Her work was completed before Night.

In this way a woman made the first pair of snow-shoes ever known.

Wasawa, when he saw them, shook his head. He could not realize the benefit they would be to him. He promised to give them a fair trial.

"Do this and I am certain you will win," she said.

Then she wrapped them in a piece of deer-skin, and made him promise not to let Oakana see them. He was not to put them on until Oakana was out of his sight.

Wasawa promised all this. So they parted, each hopeful.

The Morning when the rivals were to start bore signs of a coming storm. But that did not stop them. Both were determined to win.

It was past mid-day before Wasawa stopped to put on his strange web moccasins. He had allowed Oakana to get out of his sight. With fear and wonder he fastened the strange things to his feet.

The first step he took he plunged headlong into the snow! He was angry when he stumbled to his feet.

He could never walk on such things!

He tried again. This time with a little better success. He actually went three or four steps before he fell.

He tried again, more carefully this time. He walked easier. He walked farther. This time, when he stopped, he saved himself from falling.

He now found that the snow-shoes did keep him up. He soon found he could walk easily on them.

He now began to think that a woman's wit and love would help him win the race.

That Night a fearful storm arose. The storm raged for three Days. But the snow-shoes enabled Wasawa to keep on. To his delight he could walk on the snow and never tire.

Wasawa knew he was going farther each Day than he could go without the snow-shoes. He saw nothing of Oakana.

It was very cold after the storm had cleared away. But Wasawa kept moving. In this way he did not suffer from the cold. At times, where it was clear moving, he fairly flew over the light snow! What sport it was! It was the most delightful experience he had ever known.

The few animals he saw skurried away, as if frightened at sight of him.

"I can outrun you all!" he shouted in high glee.

A lone Crow flew over his head. The Crow gave a loud "caw," and then flew in another direction.

"I can out-fly you!" shouted Wasawa. "I have wings on my feet!"

It was a merry race Wasawa was running.

Near the close of a beautiful winter Day Wasawa reached the end of his long journey.

He found the Chief of the North Country sitting in his lodge door. He was smoking. He did not show any surprise at sight of Wasawa. This was an Indian's way.

He was surprised at something else. He was surprised when he saw what Wasawa had on his feet. I think he saw the snow-shoes before he did Wasawa.

A crowd of wondering spectators gathered about Wasawa. All pointed to the strange shapes upon his feet. They asked among themselves:

"What strange creature is this?"

Wasawa gave the chief his wampum.

But the chief was more interested in the snow-shoes.

Wasawa had to tell him how they had been made for him. He walked on them to show how they carried him upon the top of the snow.

Some clapped their hands, and cried:

"What strange bird is this?"

Wasawa was the hero of that Day.

At last the Chief gave Wasawa his reply. With this Wasawa began his homeward journey.

Oakana had not been seen.

In great joy Wasawa at last came in sight of his home.

I cannot describe the surprise that greeted him here. No one would believe he had really been to the Northland and come back.

When Wasawa gave his Chief the bit of birch bark he had brought from the Chief of the North, the aged Sachem shook his head.

He read the message in pictures Wasawa had brought. He could not deny this. He shook his head. He looked at Wasawa's web-foot moccasins. He smiled.

Wasawa knew then it was well.

No one had heard from Oakana.

Wasawa had won the race.

The Maid with the Laughing Eyes would be his bride. The old Chief agreed to this. He would be proud of such a son-in-law.

Wasawa had to show how he could walk on the snow. These feats delighted one and all.

Every warrior wanted a pair. The Maid with the Laughing Eyes showed the squaws how to make them. Busy fingers began work at once. Before another Sun had set every warrior in the village had a pair of bran-new snow-shoes!

What merry times followed. But the merriest of them all was the wedding of Wasawa and Laughing Eyes. Every one was happy. But no one was as happy as the Bride.

All this happened before Oakana returned. You may judge of his disappointment. He could not help himself.

And this is the story of the first snow-shoes ever made.

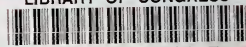
Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: March 2010

PreservationTechnologies

A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 024 417 281 7